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1-

"ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND CLASS RATES."



CONSISTENT CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

BRAVOS IN BACKGROUND.—"Ha! Foiled again!"

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - JOS. KEPLER

BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN

EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

*The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when the subscription expires.**We cannot undertake to return Rejected Communications. We cannot undertake to send postal-cards to inquiring contributors. We cannot undertake to pay attention to stamps or stamped envelopes. We cannot undertake to say this more than one-hundred-and-fifty times more.*

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of Puck must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

The wise foresight of those citizens of

New York who projected the Central Park, of which the city is now proud, and who pushed it forward despite the protests of the timid and the faltering, and despite the false cry of false economy which is always raised against any broad and liberal improvement, has been amply justified by the result of their enterprise, and it may well serve as an incentive to us. The rapid growth of the city toward the upper end of Manhattan Island, and along the spreading shores of the mainland, makes it fit and proper that new parks should be laid out now, when the land is to be had easily and without undue expense. To take thought of the future and to buy before it is too late, should be rules for those who rule the city. But there is work to be done nearer to the heart of the city, where the people are packed thick, and where the air is foul with the smoke and the dust and the heat of the metropolis. There is a grim-visaged visitor who may come to us from across the sea this summer, and if he do not find our streets swept and garnished and clean, he may sweep them with the Besom of Death.

* * *

Mr. Cleveland, the President of the United States, has re-appointed Mr. Pearson as the Postmaster of New York. At the risk of seeming personal, we cannot refrain from the remark, "We told you so!" When Mr. Cleveland was nominated, we said that he was a man with a level head, a sharp eye, and a stiff backbone. He is. Mr. Pearson is a good and faithful servant of the public. He has not been more honored by the re-appointment than the public has been benefitted by it. He has never been a partisan, and it is twenty years and more since he was turned out of the Post-Office because he was not a partisan—and then put back again because he was too useful to be spared.

GRANT.

Smile on, thou new-come Spring—if on thy breeze
The breath of a great man go wavering up
And out of this world's knowledge—it is well.

Kindle with thy green flame the stricken trees,
And fire the rose's many-petaled cup,
Let bough and branch with quickening life-blood swell—
But Death shall touch his spirit with a life
That knows not years or seasons. Oh, how small
Thy little hour of bloom! Thy leaves shall fall,
And be the sport of winter winds at strife;
But he has taken on eternity.
Yea, of how much this Death doth set him free!—
Now are we one to love him, once again.
The tie that bound him to our bitterest pain
Draws him more close to Love and Memory.

O Spring, with all thy sweetheart frolics, say,
Hast thou remembrance of those earlier springs
When we wept answer to the laughing day
And turned aside from green and gracious things?
There was a sound of weeping over all—
Mothers uncomfited, for their sons were not;
And there was crueler silence: tears grew hot
In the true eyes that would not let them fall.
Up from the South came a great wave of sorrow
That drowned our hearth-stones, splashed with blood our sills;
To-day, that spared, made terrible To-morrow
With thick presentiment of coming ills.
Only we knew the Right—but oh, how strong,
How pitiless, how insatiable the Wrong!

And then the quivering sword-hilt found a hand
That knew not how to falter or grow weak;
And we looked on, from end to end the land,
And felt the heart spring up, and rise afresh
The blood of courage to the whitened cheek,
And fire of battle thrill the numbing flesh.
Ay, there was death, and pain, and dear ones missed,
And lips forever to grow pale unknissed;
But lo, the man was here, and this was he;
And at his hands Faith gave us victory.

Spring, thy poor life, that mocks his body's death,
Is but a candle's flame, a flower's breath.
He lives in days that suffering made dear
Beyond all garnered beauty of the year.
He lives in all of us that shall outlive
The sensuous things that paltry time can give.
This spring the spirit of his broken age
Across the threshold of its anguish stole—
All of him that was noble, fearless, sage,
Lives in his loved nation's strengthened soul.

H. C. BUNNER.

LEFT.



Here is the pretty little
flirt
I met last year at Mt.
Desert.

And as I see her here,
she seems
The old-time angel of
my dreams.

I think about that lovely
maid,
And how we down the
seashore strayed.

Or when we sat and
watched the swell,
Beneath a yellow umberell.

And all the silly things I said,
And all the candy, green and red,

I purchased her to make her smile
Upon me, for she had a pile.

* * *
The saddest word of pen or tongue
I've ever heard, from old or young,

To bring about a fellow's woe,
Is a million-dollar damsel's "No!"

A HALF-HOUR

WITH THE

Inexhaustible Installment Furniture Co.

SCENE.—The Bowery, New York. TIME.—April, 1885.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

The Proprietor, Mr. X.

James Y.

Peter Z. } Clerks.

Mike Q.

PROPRIETOR.—Jimmy, did you take in the
auction-sale on Lexington Avenue this morn-
ing?

JAMES.—Don't you forget it, I did.

PROP.—What did you pick up? You ought
to have caught a lot of bargains, as we put up
quite liberally for the auctioneer, old Funk.

JAMES.—You bet I did. One chamber-set,
slightly worn, for eighteen; two parlors, dam-
aged, seventeen apiece; one dining-room, well-
banged up, eight; and a lot of miscellaneous
for nine. The whole snap stood us in sixty-nine
dollars. Place, genteel boarding-house; prop-
rietress, an old woman dead-broke. Cause of
sale, sheriff with a grocer's bill. There are the
goods now, unloading at the side-door.

PROP. (*goes out, examines goods and returns
immediately*).—That's a funny coincidence,
Jimmy. I sold those goods to your old dame
two years ago for six hundred dollars—and here
they are back again. Send them around to the
shop, and have them repaired and fixed up.
Mark the chamber-set one-fifty, the parlors two
hundred, and the dining a hundred and a
quarter. Rush the job through this week, and
then advertise the old gag, "A wealthy family,
about to leave for Europe, must sell all the fur-
niture of their elegant mansion." Have the
"ad" in the morning papers next Tuesday.

JAMES.—All right, sir. (*Exit*.)

PROP.—Say, Pete, did you call on that old
skinflint, Mrs. Pariah Potts, to-day?

PETER.—Of course I did. I told her the bill
was standing now a year and a half, and she
promised, as usual, to pay the first of next month.
I didn't waste time, though, as I worked off that
five-dollar curio you picked up in Baxter Street
for two hundred and a quarter.

PROP.—Well done, my boy. You can have
twenty-five commission for the job. She's as
good as they make them. I was down-town
yesterday and saw her lawyers. They said I
could give her credit up to a hundred thousand.
Property, real estate free and clear in her own
name. I paid them fifty for the opinion. Be-

fore we forget it, go and charge her running
interest to date, and stick in twenty-five dollars
for renovating the antique. That will square
the lawyer's bill.

PETER (*aside*).—I'll enter the commish be-
fore he forgets it. (*Exit*.)

PROP.—Mike!

MIKE.—What d'yer say?

PROP.—Did you foreclose the chattel-mort-
gage on the widow in First Avenue at eleven
o'clock, as advertised?

MIKE.—Ya-as.

PROP.—What are the figures?

MIKE.—Bill from us, two hundred; install-
ments she paid, one hundred and ninety-five;
amount due, five; expenses—truck, two; two
helpers, two; marshal, two; and I paid the
cop three. I put the stuff in the shop.

PROP.—That's tough luck; not more than
two hundred per cent profit! Did you have
any trouble with the dame?

MIKE.—Wa-al, the old gal squealed, and her
five kids howled when I yanked the last bed
out. If I hadn't sugared the cop, I think he'd
a-collared me. He was solid, and told her to
go to Jefferson Market and get a warrant for
John Doe, or else to hire a good lawyer. Quite
fly, wasn't he?

PROP.—Wonderfully so, for a peeler.

MIKE.—Wa-al, he wasn't. The smart job
was my own putting-up, and I gave him the
straight steer. It's a cold day when a fly-cop
can give me a tip. What's on deck this aft?

PROP.—Go down to Mrs. Queer's and see
the stuff she's just got from New Haven. Don't
ask any questions or know too much; but if
it's good and dirt-cheap, run it around to the
shop and have new trade-marks put on before
evening. Here, Mike, take a couple of dols
for drinks.

MIKE.—Obleeged! (*Aside*.) Ought to have
made it a V. (*Exit*.)

PROP. (*alone*).—I guess I'll skip up to Albany
to-night. Some of those reform chumps and
kid-glove roosters have put in a bill that would
just kill the trade if it became law. I had
Counselor Files write a boss argument against
it, and the crowd want me to go up and fire it
off. (*Produces MSS.*) It reads bully. (*Reads
aloud.*)

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Com-
mittee—It is with mingled pleasure and pride
that I address you both on behalf of, and as a
member of, a great and noble industry; an in-
dustry representing millions of cash capital and
millions of business annually transacted; an in-
dustry which protects the poor and unfortunate,
and befriends the widow and orphan; which
enables the overworked sewing-girl to furnish
her little chamber, the industrious laborer his
humble home, and the clerk and mechanic to
provide for the exigencies of the household, as
well as the millionaires to adorn the magnifi-
cent mansions of Murray Hill; an industry
which has largely contributed to the mercantile
grandeur and supremacy of our great metrop-
olis and of the Empire State.

(That's for the newspapers and ministers, but
it sounds altogether too much like Evarts.)

"The bill before your honorable body, in-
troduced, in all probability, from the purest mo-
tives and the highest desire to benefit the com-
monwealth, is in reality a blow, not at malef-
actors or criminals, but at prominent merchants
and wealthy manufacturers; at men who are
known and respected in every business circle,
whose paper passes current everywhere, and
who can draw a quarter-million each at a sec-
ond's notice.

(That's for the lobby and the strikers.)

"Mr. Chairman and—" (*Exit*.)

W. E. S. F.

Puckerings.

THE WAIL OF THE REMOVED.

For twenty years and
more I've been a
postmaster in
Maine;

I've led a free and
easy life, and got
both large and
stout,
I've lived on pie and
cake and beans—
and now, in lan-
guage plain,

I say I think it's mighty mean that Cleveland's put
me out.

Indeed, I had a sinecure; the office ne'er I oped
Until a little distance off I heard the coming train,
And from the office to my home I always swiftly sloped,
When the mail had been delivered to the maidens
sweet and plain.

I never did a bit of work; I used to lie around
And listen to the gossip of the matrons at the door;
My offspring took the mail-bag to the station with a
bound,
And another, Isabella, read the "postals" o'er and
o'er.

And now I think I'll have to go a living for to earn—
I'll have to work from sunrise till the twilight softly
falls,

And my dinner I shall carry in a little polished urn,
And I'll labor in a check-shirt and a pair of overalls.

I shall soon be fair and slender, for my fat will melt
away,
And look like no great statesman with a rosy tinted
nose;

In fact, I'll grow so slender that I soon shall see the day
When I'll be small enough to wear my little Andy's
clothes.

No more I'll grab the mail-bag as it comes upon the fly,
No more I'll have to stand around and lick the post-
age-stamps;

In my old arm-chair, a-dozing like a tom-cat, shortly I
Shall see one of those underhanded Democratic tramps.

R. B. HAYES is said to have written a poem.
It is probably a lay.

A BATTLE OF THE OUTPOSTS—A Picket-fence.
We charge extra for this, because it is a war-
puckering.

A TWENTY-DOLLAR Confederate bill was re-
cently passed on a San Francisco Chinaman.
The Chinese seem to be convenient to have
around, after all.

THEY HAVE a machine now which puts the
artificial bloom on the cheeks of forty girls at
once. The hand-painted beauties will be ap-
preciated at last.

"IF YOU skate for the glory of God," says
Mr. Moody: "it is all right." It may be all
right to skate for the glory of God; but we
doubt whether this object will ever make falling
all right.

AN EXCHANGE says: "It is a question of
veracity between the office-seekers and the
office-promisers." If it were a matter of vo-
racity, we might remark there would be no
question whatever.

A KANSAS MAN has six children unnamed.
He has left them to name themselves when they
reach years of discretion. This is a wise pre-
caution. A name a Kansas man might select
would probably be worse than none.

THE PRISONERS of the Council Bluffs jail
have organized themselves into a brass-band.
The other night, when a mob attempted to
break into the prison to lynch a murderer, the
band was stationed in the large corridor of the
building, armed with their instruments, and suc-
cessfully drove off the intruders.

VIEW No. I.



The Anarchist at the Club—A Lion.

FIRST AID TO INJURED ENGLAND.

A Brigade of Dynamite Irish is announced as organizing to join El Mahdi in the Soudan with the view of exterminating the English. Of course, a plan is necessary—also “conthributions”—nothing concerning Irish patriots is possible without “conthributions.”

The plan is to skin servant-girls and toiling jackasses disguised as laboring men to the last cent. The funds thus raised will be devoted first to a grand “thrate”—free beer to the “frinds of the Cause”—next, to the settlement of past-due saloon accounts and present dues to the church.

Then a resolute Irish-American, fit, under due pressure of whiskey, to fight a circular-saw, and give it two revolutions to his one, will be hired for the price of the liquor he can hold for three months, and he will start for Egypt.

As a preliminary matter, he will try to blow up in mid-ocean the steamer carrying himself, his fellow-passengers and the crew, between New York and Liverpool.

This failing, he will, on arrival in England, try to blow up some ancient landwork or modern roadway, and, refreshed by these noble and patriotic feats, he will take the regular train for Brindisi (via Calais, Paris, etc.) to Alexandria. Thence up the Nile as far as Zagazig—which is not on the Nile—whence he will write back lies as to his grand mission.

His colleagues will stop in New York and Chicago to brag, bluster and collect more “conthributions.”

By-and-by, when England gets a gleam of sense (as she sometimes does, under pressure and fears of losing money), and the Mahdi or his successor marches toward the Mediterranean, our Irish-American will be among the first to decamp from Egypt.

After passing a few months in a British jail for conspiracy to rob the pauper Irish of Liverpool of their wretched savings, he will reach these shores, and claim that Egypt and the Soudan owe their autonomy—under the Mahdi or his successor—to the Irish Brigade.

Then another “conthribution” will be asked for to welcome the

“bowld defindthers of Owld Oireland,” and Patrick and Moike and Terence and Hinnery will get as full as goats on the money paid by Norah and Kate and Mary and Bridget, and the United States will lay back and yearn for a real war which will eliminate “from our midst” the wretched, depraved, deceitful, priest-ridden peasants who—aping the American—make us a shame to ourselves and an offense to our neighbors.

There are decent Irish whom we must respect and be glad of as fellow-citizens; but they seem to exist chiefly as a standing rebuke to “Faynians” and “Doynamythers.”

MANAT.

AN INTERRUPTED SIESTA.

We rambled by the running stream
That close to Edith's house ran by,
We felt the spirit of love's young dream,
We were alone, my love and I.
The bright stars twinkled from above,
We heard the nightingale's sweet song,
I spoke to her in words of love,
As merrily we roamed along.

We lingered 'mid the wild sweet flowers
That cast their fragrance on the evening air,
We heeded not the fleeting hours,
In happiness we tarried there.
In ecstasy my Edith cried:
“Oh, where was ever joy like this!”
I drew her gently to my side,
And answered Edith with a kiss.

All was hushed, silence reigned supreme,
So quiet that not a sound was heard
Save the rippling waters of the stream,
And the trees, when by the winds were stirred.
But hark! there is a voice cries out—
It was Edith's mother the silence broke:
“Edith, come home,” we hear her shout:
“And put to-morrow's wash in soak!”

C. J. NEWELL.

“A MAN WHO lends money to his friend shall never see either his friend or his money again.” If this is the case, it will be well for a man to lend money to no one but his enemies.

VIEW No. II.



The Club at the Anarchist—A Lamb.

OYSTERS AND HAIR-OIL.

“So YOUR runaway son has returned?” remarked Mr. Gimlet.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Auger: “the poor boy got back last night.”

“Are you going to pay his debts and keep him, after the trick he served?”

“Certainly I am,” replied the parent, indignantly: “You wouldn't have a father turn away his prodigal son, would you?”

“Prodigal son?” replied Mr. Gimlet, sneeringly: “It looks to me more like an ass coming back to his fodder.”

A DEADWOOD PAPER says that a woman's hand was recently frozen in a cake of ice in the cellar of a prominent saloon. It was very thoughtful on the part of the editor to mention it. It will give the woman who lost the hand a chance to prove her property and reclaim it. The value of the press as an advertising medium cannot be overestimated.

THEY SAY an excellent quality of gas can be made out of water, and can be furnished more cheaply than coal-gas. Perhaps this may account for the large amount of water recently discovered in gas-stocks.

ROLLER-SKATES are to be made in a new shop in the New Hampshire State's-Prison. Next to being obliged to skate on roller-skates, we should imagine that making them would be the most terrible punishment that could be inflicted on a man.

AN EXCHANGE says Mr. John Roach has published an exhaustive pamphlet on our shipping interests. There is nothing astonishing in this. Mr. Roach's work has uniformly been exhaustive to the tax-payers.

HENRY IRVING, in his remarks at a club the other evening, said: “An actor should be an artist.” An actor very often is an artist. We have heard of a good many of them painting.

THE SHAD is saddest when it has rheumatism in its bones.

THE “OBSTRUCTIONIST.”



POLICEMAN (to mule on the track).—“Get on; don't block the road!”
GENTLEMAN ON THE CART.—“Arrah, now, be aisy! Do ye take me for a rapid transit?”

BOSTON BITS.

ONE OF the latest novels is entitled "Found Out." It is in all probability the reminiscences of a bill-collector.

THE HASTE with which the British forces prepare to crush El Mahdi is only equaled by the rapidity with which they don't do it.

A MICHIGAN PAPER says that there are in that State sixty thousand people who cannot write. We will wager that forty thousand of them are journalists.

A WESTERN PAPER contains an article headed, "A Murderer to Meet His Reward." This leaves in doubt whether he will be hung, or whether, after he has had young ladies call on him, bringing flowers and guava-jelly, he will be gloriously acquitted. The English language is getting more unintelligible every day.

AN ALTERNATIVE.



MISS SNIFFIN, (aged thirty-seven, to her Boarding-House Landlady).—"I don't think it is right for your husband to come into the parlor and smoke when I have company."

BOARDING-HOUSE LANDLADY.—"Oh, you aren't satisfied with the way things go in my house, eh? Well, there are old maids' homes open to you."

FREE LUNCH.

AN EXCHANGE gives a recipe for "digestible clam-cakes." They must be made out of artificial clams, then.

"THE WAY to sleep," says a scientist: "is to think of nothing." If a man happens to be married, he can think of himself.

WHEN A MAN dies in India, his wife gets on to his bier. In this country she does the same thing when he forgets to chew a clove before going home.

"DID YOU break your father's will?"

"Yes."

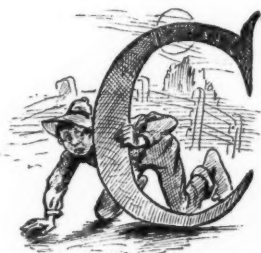
"I suppose, then, you are quite rich now?"

"No; poorer than ever before."

"How is that?"

"You see, I broke the will, but the lawyers broke me."

THE DOG, THE TRAMP, AND THE FARMER.



COMRADES, come and forage with me, while as yet 'tis early morn,
Let us track the luscious melon to his lair behind the corn.

'Tis the place, and all about it, as of old,
the grangers prowled,
To the melancholy music of the dulcet bull-dog's howl;

To the weird and mystic music, wafted o'er
the sandy tracts,

Roaring like the ocean ridges breaking into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder latticed window, ere he went to rest,
Have I watched the ancient granger slowly get himself undressed.

Many a night I saw the June-bugs, rising through the mellow shade,
Fly athwart the vine-clad lattice where the tangled moonbeams played.

Then the ancient one before me with an honest snore reposed,
And I turned to all his acres for the promise that they closed.

Then about the fields I wandered, nourishing a taste sublime
For the fruits of rural labor gracing the glad harvest-time.

Then I slipped into the orchard, for no human eye could see;
But, alas! the bull-dog saw me, and I had to climb a tree.

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast,
In his spring the wanton bull-dog got away with half my vest.

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove,
In his second spring the bull-dog swung upon me from above.

Then his jaws were firm and stronger than should be for one so young,
And his weight upon my coat-tails with relentless vigor swung.

And I said: "My kind persuader, what if I let go the tree?
All the current of my being will let fall itself on thee."

But his awful jaws behind me like an open grave reposed,
And he clung to all the present for the promise that it closed.

Fear took up the glass of life and turned it in his clammy hands,
Every moment slowly shaken clogged itself in frozen sands.

Fear took up the harp of life, and smote on every cord with might—
Smote the cord of hope, which, trembling, passed in darkness out of sight.

Many an hour he swung and twisted,
still my garment showed no rips,
And my spirit sank within me at
the touching of his lips.

He will leave me, when his passion
shall have spent its awful force,
More cohesive than a sausage, little
better than a corse.

Where is comfort? In division of
the records of the mind?
Could I part him from my coat, I'd
leave all thoughts of him behind.

Comfort! Comfort scorned of devils, this is truth the poet sings—
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things.



Then I turned my eyes to eastward, and adown the valley drawn,
Saw in heaven the lights of London flaring like a dreary dawn.

And my spirit howled within me to begone before me then
Underneath the lights I looked at, in amongst the crowds of men—

Men my brothers, men the walkers, ever seeking something new,
What they have not done but earnest of the things they will not do.

Then I slipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of my woe, and all the horrors that would be.

Saw the heavens filled with vultures, argosies of ghostly sails
Flapping o'er a phantom bull-dog swinging to a dead man's tails.

So I trembled while my passion sweeping through me left me dry;
Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye—

Eye to which all order festers. All things here are out of joint;
Daylight comes but slowly, slowly moving on from point to point.

Daylight comes, but darkness lingers, and I linger on the limb,
While my arms grow weak and weaker, and my weary eyes grow dim.

Yet, I doubt not, through his actions one malicious purpose runs,
And the ancient granger tarries, loading up his fatal guns.

Slowly comes the dread avenger, as a lion creeping nigher,
Glares at one who nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.

I had been content to perish when I heard his voice resound,
But the bull-dog loosed his death-grip and got down upon the ground.

Then he held the dog at bay, like Joshua's moon on Ajalon,
While I measured fifty paces, slowly counted one by one.

Then he loosed him—but the promise of my spirit had not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration welled through all my being yet.

Through the shadow of the corn I swept into the open way;
Better fifty miles of running than a bull-dog if I stay.

Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward, let us range;
I have had enough of bull-dog, and my system needs a change.

Comes a freight-train down the railroad, sweeping over heath and holt,
While a storm-cloud rises o'er us, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall upon the dog in rain, or hail, or fire, or snow,
For the freight-train thunders seaward, and I seaward with it go.

SOME WARM SUMMERS.



"Dese hyar wahn days wot we'se b'en habbin'," said Brother Shinbones, entering Peter Maguff's cabin one evening last week: "make me t'ink 'bout de summah-time."

"Yes, yes, chile," said Brother Squeezeout Peabody, who was sitting with his feet upon the stove: "we am gwine fur ter hab a putty wahn summah dis yeah."

"How yo' tell dat, Brudder Squeezeout?" asked Peter.

"W'en de jibometer gits down so low in Mahch," said Squeezeout: "yo' kin betcher life she's gwine fur ter climb in July."

"How yo' know dat?"

"Seed it, chile, seed it," responded Squeezeout: "Dis hyar niggah ain't be'n a-goin' roun' de wuld wid his eyes shut up. I'se done gone seed some mighty hot summahs, an' dey all come arter a putty cold Mahch."

"I'd like fur ter heah 'bout some o' dem dar summahs," said Shinbones.

"All right, chile. Jess yo' hole on ter yo'se'f, an' I done gone an' tole yo' all 'bout dem. De hottes' one ob de lot war a good many yeahs ago, w'en I war a-libbin' in 'Ten'see. De wedder in July war hot 'nuff; but w'en August come in, it war too hot ter lib. De people down dar had to go roun' wid pitchahs ob ice-watah in deir han's, an' keep a-puttin' some onter deir heads all de time fur ter keep from gittin' sun-struck. Ebberly man, woman an' chile had ter carry a ombrella all de time w'en de sun war shinin'. De jibometer kep' a-risin' an' a-risin' till de folks wondered wedder she war ebber gwine fur ter stop. It got up ter a hundid an' sebenty in de shadder."

"Umph-umph!" exclaimed Pete: "dat war a daisy ole jibometer."

"De mos' cur's effeck," continued Squeezeout, not heeding the interruption: "war on de crops. Ebberyt'ing got ripe 'bout free weeks ahead o' time. Some t'ings war fudder ahead dan dat. Wal, we war ready fur ter pick de mushmillions in August. I went out wid de odder gemmen on de place fur ter gadder mushmillions. We went down ter de field, an' dar we found de millions looking mighty yaller. I grabbed one up, an' it war so hot I had ter drap it. Den I put on a paiah ob buck-skin glubs, an' it made my han's hot fur ter hole on ter it eben wid dem on. By de time I got her off'n de wine I war jess drippin' wid sweat, an' I made up my mind dat I had got ter kind o' brace myse'f up by eatin' de million. So I tuk out my ole knife, an' stahted ter cut her open. By golly, de rind o' dat million war jess as hahd ez wood! I split her, an' smoke commenced fur ter come out, an' w'en I got her open I see dat de inside war a-smoulderin'. I tole de odder boys, an' den one ob 'em sez dat some o' de odder millions war smokin'. We got skeert, an' stahted fur ter run. An', by de high golly, chillen, 'foah we got out'n de field, de whul blame lot o' mushmillions war in a blaze. All de fruit-crops dat yeah burnt up, an' yo' couldn't git a million in 'Ten'see fur no price."

"Dat must 'a' b'en a long time ago," said Shinbones, musingly.

"Yes, sah, dat war before de wah," replied Squeezeout.

"Dat war putty hot wedder," continued Shinbones: "but dis hyar cullud gemman hab seed hottah."

"Le's heah 'bout dat," exclaimed Peter.

"All right, chile, jess yo' hole yo' breff, an' I tole yo'," said Shinbones: "Dis hyar hot summah wot I 'membah war w'en I war libbin' down in Wirginny. De ole jibometer stahted fur ter climb one day, an' she didn't stop. De mercury went up an' up till it struck de top o' de glass, an' den she bruk frough an' riz up an' up till byme-by dar war a stick o' mercury 'bout six feet high standin' out'n de top o' de jibometer, wid de top end ob it red-hot. Wal, sah, people, used ter

come 'long an' luk at it, an' go right home an' make deir wills, an' w'en de oldes' inhabitant come 'long he loked at it, an' jess dropped dead right dar on de spot. W'en I seed how hot it war, I sez ter myse'f, sez I, dat I'd got ter git somefin' coolin' somewhar, so I ran down ter de bahn an' went fur de pump. Gorrarnighty, chillen, I couldn't git nuffin' out'n dat dar pump but steam! Den I made a break fur de ice-cream saloon. I went in an' called fur a plate o' lemon. De woman handed it ter me, an' I grabbed it an' tuk a spoonful; but, chillen, it burnt my mouf! I ran down ter de ribbah; but I soon seed dat war no good, 'cause de fish war all floatin' aroun' cooked! Den I t'ought I had a fine idea, an' I went home an' got de bellus. I held 'em up in front o' my face an' blowed on myse'f wid it. Gosh! De wind scorched dis hyar niggah's cheek!"

"Dat war dreadful hot," muttered Squeezeout.

"Nex' minute I had anudder notion," continued Shinbones, paying no attention to the murmur: "I knowed I'd got ter git cool somehow. I t'ought o' de ice-house. I run down dar jess ez quick ez ebber I could, frowed open de dooah, an' jumped right in. Wot yo' t'ink?"

"Dunno," was the laconic answer.

"De ice war melted, an' I landed in 'bout twenty feet o' b'ilin'-hot water, an' ef one o' de han's hadn't come 'long an' pulled me out, I'd b'en scalded ter deff."

"Dat must 'a' b'en a long time ago," said Squeezeout, rising and moving slowly toward the door.

"Yes, sah, it war," answered Shinbones.

"Yes," said Squeezeout: "must 'a' b'en 'foah de flood!"

And then he was gone.

W. J. HENDERSON.

THE ASS AND THE FOX.

One day, as an Ass was journeying along Toward a rich meadow, ne chanced upon a Fox who was quietly sitting by the roadside.

"Ah, friend Fox," said he: "I was just looking for you. I am going to Feed in yonder meadow."

"But," answered the Fox: "You cannot get in; that meadow is reserved for animals of Beauty."

"Exactly," said the Ass: "but I have a beautiful Voice. Listen—" And he brayed loud and Long. When the last echo had died away, turning to the Fox, he asked:

"Now, friend Fox, you have heard it. What does that Show?"

"It shows," said the Fox, quietly, as he took up his cane and spring Overcoat: "that you are an Ass."

MORAL.—This fable teaches that office-seekers who want to tell the President why they should have office ought to Remember that there is always more than one way of looking at a Thing.

THE AGE OF ACCOMMODATION.



PHOTOGRAPHER.—"The negative is simply superb. Now—er—how many years back would you like to have it retouched?"

COLLEGE LIFE.

It is the fashionable caper now-a-days to go to college. It was not always thus. I can remember the time when it used to be considered quite serious business. When I was young and in my prime, if a young man wanted to go to college, he saved and scraped and pinched and pared until he had accumulated enough to pay one term's board. Then he went, trusting to Providence to make arrangements for his tuition and washing. He did not go to college because it was "such doocid good form, you know," but because he wanted to learn a thing or two, and subsequently make his mark in the world.

There has been a great advance in young men since those days—a great advance. Nobody goes to college now-a-days with such old-fashioned notions in his head. Greek and Latin and mathematics are the last things which the modern freshman thinks about. They must be dealt with, of course, as disagreeable appurtenances of college life; but as for their being the end and aim of his four years' course of university training—that is too ridiculous to be thought of for a moment.

The first thing which the young man of to-day does, after having found a sufficiently lenient *Alma Mater*, is to go and join himself to a club. Sometimes it is a boat-club, sometimes a ball-club, sometimes a social club, sometimes a club with a policeman at the other end of it. They are all a good deal alike, in their effects upon the head. Meanwhile, he is "running" or "being run" for some secret society. The college secret society is a sort of a cross between a pair of thigh-bones and a skull. It consists chiefly of a certain number of members and a grip, the latter being considered by far the most important. It meets once, sometimes twice, a week, for the purpose of exchanging the grip and playing cards. Many secret societies have their own "houses," where the members all room, and where no irate landlady storms at the midnight rattle of the latch-key.

When a young man who is being "run" by any particular society is captured by another society, he immediately becomes the most contemptible scamp on the face of the earth. This is not due to any sudden revolution in the young man's character, but simply to the fact that he does not recognize the immense superiority of society number one. Society number two smiles in its sleeve, and enfolds the young man in its brotherly embrace. He is first tenderly placed in a barrel and rolled down two flights of stairs. At the foot he is welcomed by two spectres all in white, with somewhat grossly materialized moustaches, who extricate him from the barrel and quietly extend his excoriated and quivering limbs in a five-dollar coffin. He is then hoisted upon the shoulders of half-a-dozen ghostly figures, who convey him up the stairs, with an extremely unspirited clatter of boots. Arrived at the door of the sacred temple of the brotherhood, a long confab ensues with the supposed Argus-eyed guardian of the same, who seems loath to allow the worldly-minded young man in the coffin to enter.

But finally the spokesman of the "ghostly krewe" obtains a reluctant permission to bring in the victim, on condition of the latter's undergoing some terrible ordeal not specified in the contract. The doors then open with a great and portentous noise, and the poor wretch in the coffin—who has had his ears painfully open all the while—is borne in and spilled on the floor. Scarcely has he risen to his knees when his arms are pinioned behind him and he is dragged across the floor to a trap, which gives way beneath his weight, and precipitates him six feet down into a tub of cold water. Time would fail to tell of all the indignities he suffers,

"WE HAVE CHANGED ALL THAT."



Ah, the days are sad and dreary
For the hapless politician,
With his little roll of honor,
Signed by citizens of promi-
Nence, informing Grover Cleveland
That they long have known their honored
Friend and noble fellow-citizen,

And are confident that no one
Could so safely be intrusted
With the duties of postmaster
In the village of Kebunkton.

Yea, the days are sad and dreary,
Under this administration.

Homeward goes the politician,
Homeward goes to far Kebunkton;
There to fade away and languish,
There to perish broken-hearted.
Dying, with his nerveless finger
He will trace his tomb's inscription:
"I am ded. the mugwumps dunnit."

until at last he is made one with the exalted brotherhood, invested with the grip, and treated to a Henry Clay cigar. In ten minutes he is as busily engaged in handling the paste-boards as if he had been a Greek letter society man from his boyhood up.

If the young man, besides belonging to a secret society, can secure a humble place in one of the many athletic associations of the institution, the height of his ambition is reached. All that now remains for him to do is to dispose of his father's remittances and bulldoze his instructors. The latter he successfully accomplishes by means of the numerous "aids" to instantaneous scholarship now in vogue, and the former, apparently, accomplishes itself. At the end of the four years he graduates with a well-developed biceps, a choice collection of the autograph signatures of local tradesmen, and an exhaustive familiarity with the first four letters of the Greek alphabet. He is credited with having received a thorough college education, and is ready for anything—except work.

PAUL PASTNOR.

Answers for the Anxious.

Stale manuscripts and pomes, avault! Your fate
Is but the ragman or the lurid grate.

P. J. MAR.—You are rather rushing the season with your summer poem. Call again when the weather is hot, and we will put you on ice.

QUERIST.—We can't enlighten you as to the meaning of the quotation:

"The green mantle of the standing pool."
We have never played standing pool, and don't know the game.

"CARACTACUS GROWLER."—Can we give you a column a week, to be funny in, under your own heading? Yes, dear boy, we can. We can give you a column, not for one week only, but for time and eternity. It will be a nice marble column with a dove on top of it, and you may be just as funny under it as you see fit.

IMPROVED QUOTATIONS.

Three fishers went yarning out into the West.

My only books
Were woman's looks,
And debt is all they've brought me.

Be it ever so humble, there's no place like office.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to work the roller-skate.

Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou wilt
have restaurant chicken-soup.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul of Winter slumbers,
And we soon can eat ice-cream.

Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago, long, long ago—
The chestnuts that bloomed in my first baby
year,
Long, long, oh, long ago.

The harp that once through Tammany Hall
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tammany's wall
As though Boss John were dead.

On second base or third base though we may
roam,
Be it ever so dusty, there's no base like home.

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
But two knock-downs will beat first blood.



11. Bold text and line work in sketch and print.

A SURPRISE TO THE
EL MAHDI and JOHN CHINAMAN Scott



E TO EMSELVES.

AMAN. Scott! What terrible fellows we are!"

A CHATHAM STREET TRAGEDY.

Leonidas Baxter was drunk last Thursday. There is no question about it. The policeman caught him in the very act of attempting to pay for a free lunch in a Chatham Street cellar, and he was immediately arrested. On Friday morning Mr. Baxter presented a saddened and unwashed face to the Justice.

"Leonidas Baxter?" queried the Justice, looking over his glasses at the prisoner in the box.

"Yes, sir," humbly replied that individual.

"Is that your right name?"

"Yes, sir," responded the prisoner, with dignity: "You don't think I would play any tricks on the Court, I hope."

"You are accused of being in a state of intoxication yesterday afternoon. Policeman Smith arrested you on Chatham Street. What have you to say for yourself?"

"True, Your Honor. I was intoxicated; but I had an excuse. Listen, before you send me up. I am a restaurateur by profession. I once owned an eating-house on Sixth Avenue; but I was unfortunate. I could not pay the rent, and had to move into Bleecker Street. Still my bad luck pursued me, and I was obliged to move again. This time I rented a room in Chatham Street. I had very little money, and it was necessary for me to get quick returns from my investment. Chatham Street business methods, I need not tell Your Honor, are not what I was accustomed to; but you know the old maxim, 'When you are in Jerusalem, do as the Jews do.' Across the street from my place is an eating-den kept by a shock-haired, red-eyed Lobster, who, if I might offer the suggestion, ought to be on the Island. He has been my bane, my curse."

"Well," interrupted the Justice: "I am in a hurry, Mr. Baxter."

"One moment longer, Your Honor," replied the prisoner: "and I am through. After I had been running my plan one week, I found that my expenses were seventy-five dollars and my receipts seventeen dollars and thirteen cents. I had only a hundred dollars left. I had to make a stir some way, so I hired a young man, bought him a neat suit of clothes, and started him out with a big placard fastened to his coat which read:

"I eat my lunch at Baxter's Palace Restaurant."

"As he walked up the street, he attracted universal attention, and business began to pour in. About noon I noticed that it suddenly stopped. On going out, I discovered the cause of the trouble. The Lobster had seduced my sign, filled it up with rum, and stationed it in front of my door. Its clothes were covered with mud, and its hat was jammed over its head down to the chin. Of course, no one would come in a place with such a sign. That experiment cost me forty dollars. The next day a brilliant idea came to me, and I hastened to seize upon it. It was my *dernier resort*, so to speak. I went to a dime-museum, and engaged the fat man and the living skeleton. I paid them thirty dollars apiece, my last cent. I put a huge card on the fat man's back which read:

"I eat at Leonidas Baxter's."

"And on the thin man I put another sign:

"I don't."

"Then I started them down the street arm in arm. The effect was prodigious. Crowds followed in their wake. And the populace at once began to inquire: 'Where is Baxter's?' 'Let us go to this wonderful restaurant.' I was in ecstasies of joy. I contemplated renting the next room and hiring ten new waiters. When I was in the midst of this delirium of delight, I was again brought face to face with despair. From the summit of my prosperity I was hurled into the depths of ruin. It was the work of the Lobster. I waited all morning, with my room

full of waiters and my kitchen crowded with toothsome viands, but no one came. I say no one—I should make an exception. A deputy-sheriff came in and closed my doors. Then, Your Honor, I took to drink to drown my sorrow. But I shall be revenged on the Lobster."

"What did he do to injure you this time?" inquired the Justice.

"What did he do?" repeated the prisoner: "He changed the signs!"

BENJAMIN NORTHROP.

RETRIBUTION.

A COMPLETE AND ROUNDED TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT, ONE SCENE, AND NO ORCHESTRA.

SCENE.—A Cell at Bloomingdale.

A MADMAN is intently writing on the walls:

"Unavailable. Thanks."

Enter LITERARY MAN, sight-seeing.

LITERARY MAN.—I'd jest with thee.

MADMAN.—I'm going to flee.

L. M.—Stay, madman, stay! A brand-new jest.

MADMAN.—Oh, give a lunatic a rest.

L. M.—When is a lobster-salad not

A sal—

MADMAN.—A madman cannot wot.

L. M.—Why, when it's old, a month or more,

For then its salad days are o'er.

How 's that?

MADMAN.—Dear Sir:—Please find with this

Your poem. We regret that 'tis

Not quite—

L. M. (horried, and noting the writing on the wall).—

An editor were you?

MADMAN (trembling).—I was. Let me for mercy sue.

L. M. (sarcastically).—Proceed to sue. Your suit shall be

Examined promptly, carefully.

MADMAN.—Then, pity, sir! Recall that I

No lack of merit did imply—

L. M.—Ten million fiends! Your crime 's unavailable.

Your prayers are worse! They're unavailable!

(Rends the Editor in pieces.)

WILLISTON FISH.

A NEWSPAPER SCIENTIST thinks it is possible that the North Pole may yet be reached on skates. Now let us have an Arctic expedition which will embrace all the skaters in the country, and the nation will rejoice whether they find the Pole or not.

VIOLETS AND CLAMS.

"Now, DEAR," said she: "there you are; all nicely mended," and she gave him his coat: "I worked on it for half-an-hour after you were in bed."

"Then you are my enemy," he said: "at least according to scripture, for you sowed tares while I slept."

She says if he is going to be as mean as that, he may mend his own old clothes himself in future.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.—"They say that Henry James is terribly nervous," observed an Arkansaw man to his neighbor: "he objects to the noise of cats, milk-wagons and street-cars."

"I ain't surprised," replied the neighbor: "After a man has been tried for murder half-a-dozen times, I should think he would be nervous."

A SAN FRANCISCO church advertises for a minister who can preach two sermons, strictly original, every Sabbath—one in the morning for saints, and the other in the evening for sinners." This would seem to indicate that Californians are saints Sunday morning and sinners Sunday evening. In other places the change does not generally take place until Monday.

AN EMINENT authority says: "Too much flesh is not wanted in raising a colt. Feed good hay and few oats." Those persons who are in the habit of feeding their colts on beef-steaks and mutton-chops will change the diet immediately.

A GIRL in Oakland, Cal., has a perfectly developed mouth in each cheek, in addition to the usual scolder. This furnishes a large field for discussion.

SO YOUR KITE will not fly, Johnny? Well, why don't you make it out of fly-paper? Ten dollars or ten days.

"UNITED WE stand, divided we fall," as the man remarked to his legs at the skating-rink.

A STAGE WHISPER.



"MR. MACREADY HAM, THE POPULAR ACTOR, IS MAKING ACTIVE PREPARATION FOR HIS SPRING TOUR THROUGH THE COUNTRY."

GARGOYLES AND GUM-DROPS.

"THE LAST ROSE"—The Girl that was Late for Breakfast.

IN ENGLAND'S hour of peril, where was William Gladstone? Cutting away among the trees.

A WELL-KNOWN contractor advertises: "You can get gas-pipes, in any quantity, through me at any time."

JACKSON has just buried his second wife. As he had been well-nigh ruined by milliners' bills during his days of wedlock, he concluded to economize in the matter of marble, and made one head-stone serve to mark the two graves. On this stone the following text was engraved:

"They toiled not, neither did they spin. And yet, I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

PROFESSOR THINGUMBOB put up the following notice on the door of his lecture-room at the close of vacation:

"Professor Thingumbob will meet his Classes on Monday next."

A student among the earliest arrivals carefully erased the initial "C" of "Classes," leaving the word "lasses."

When the Professor saw this he was wroth, and erased the "l" of the mutilated word, leaving it simply "asses."

And when the bulk of the students arrived, they wondered what made old Professor Thingumbob, "so beastly personal, y' know."

A BRIDGE OF SIGHS.



ON THE ROAD TO RUIN.

TO PUCK, THE MERRY WANDERER.

IMPLOING HIM NOT TO DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN TWO CLASSES OF WANDERERS NOT SO MERRY.

Gird thou no more at actor men
Who star it Westward—Ho! and then
Return as walking gentlemen.
Thy pen

New dip for fiercer mimic wars.
And whom against? Without remorse,
Against New Orleans's visitors,
Of course,

Who, bidding anxious friends adieu,
Conceited cried: "Though it be true
That we have but a ticket through,
'Twill do.

"Let landlords climb to high excess,
Let hackmen strike: above distress
We'll soon—by writing for the press.
Oh, yes!

"Keen? From our blind and curtained room
We'll say we see the orange bloom,
And sapphire skies that starry loom
And gloom.

"Right in his room, your humble slave
Will visit old De Soto's grave
By Mississippi's darkling wave.
He'll rave

"About the languorous Southern day;
Or of the Creoles, and he'll say
George Cable's wrong. And this will pay
His way."

* * *
The actor doth the railroad-track
Most lightly pace; but coming back
The "N'w Orleans" visitor doth tack,
Alack!

Round deep lagoon and wide morass,
By cypress swamp, and seeks a pass
Through pathless wastes. Now, by the mass,
A sorrier pass.

WILLISTON FISH.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

The Boston girls are amusing themselves by attending "emergency lectures." Emergency lectures, as their name denotes, are designed to instruct in the proper course to be pursued in any of the great crises of life; in short, they are presence of mind brought down to the tangible form of a thesis. Now, there is a great deal of presence of mind to the square inch in Boston—in fact, mind is the only thing, with the possible exception of beaux, which is recognized in the centre of American culture. So the emergency lectures are extremely popular.

Miss Pallas Eudora Higgins is a fair sample of the average Boston girl, whose readiness of resource has been sharpened to a razor-edged keenness by the emergency course. She only weighs ninety pounds without her glasses; but any absence of matter, in her case, is more than atoned for by a phenomenal presence of mind. She has lately passed through several thrilling experiences, and not only is living to tell of them, but apparently lives for nothing else—to judge by the gusto which is apparent in her narration.

It was only the other day—she called it the penultimate day—that Miss Pallas, in descending from a street-car, was, by some means or other, thrown under the wheels. Taking from her reticule an electro-magnet of great power, she disposed of it in such a manner as to draw every piece of iron from the car. The vehicle, of course, fell to pieces, and so suddenly that its progress was arrested before the wheels had reached her slender person. The same means, she assures me, would prove effectual in case of a railroad-accident, if applied with "adequate celerity."

Not ten minutes after the above incident she received a proposal of marriage. This she rejected without an instant's hesitation, her "emer-

gency course" having qualified her to draw the true inductions from the discovery, which she promptly made, that her adorer had left his watch to be repaired.

Last evening an apparently unseasonable invitation to partake of ice-cream was unhesitatingly accepted by Miss Pallas. She did not want ice-cream, but she did want sweetbreads piqué, and her restaurant knowledge enabled her to select an establishment whose bill-of-fare gave her an opportunity to change her mind.

On this occasion Pallas Eudora returned home alone. Her escort is still in the restaurant awaiting remittances.

Oh, emergency lectures are a great thing, and Pallas Eudora and her intimates are there every time. They know exactly how to turn to the best possible account every incident that may checker a human career, and the class of '86 will be found full of ideal helpmates for the bank-clerk of the future.

SENATOR STANFORD, who is reported to be worth over \$50,000,000, is said by a correspondent to wear a poor suit of clothes "that would not sell for ten dollars to a second-hand clothing dealer." We presume when Senator Stanford intends to sell his clothes to a second-hand dealer, he will select them with more care.

A WASHINGTON MAN wants to jump from the top of the Washington monument to enjoy the sensation of falling. This seems to us to be unnecessary. If he is so desirous of taking a hard tumble, he ought to be able to satisfy himself just as well by asking President Cleveland for an office.

"NO PRIMA-DONNA ever sings to her baby." This is doubtless the reason so few prima-donnas ever lose their babies.

AN APPLICANT.

HOWLVILLE, April 6th, 1885.

To the President:

It was my intention to call upon you at the White House at an early day following your installation as Chief Magistrate of fifty millions of people; but the walking is so bad this spring that I have decided to put my case in writing, and not go to Washington until you think my country needs me, which I sincerely hope will be almost immediately.

I am extremely anxious to serve my country. I am abnormally desirous of filling a long-felt want in that respect. To be more explicit, my dear Mr. President, I want an office. I am not at all particular about the nature of the place, so that the salary attachment is in good running order, and the duties don't require me to get up very early in the morning. Early rising does not agree with my system, and though I love my country dearly, I do not feel that I could shatter my constitution for it by early rising.

I have been an unfortunate patriot, Mr. President. I have not succeeded in winning a competence, as it were. My talents have not been appreciated at their true value. My many failures may be owing to my natural modesty; but we will let that pass.

I tried farming once, but the exercise in the open air and the early rising were exceedingly injurious to my delicate health, and I turned the farm over to the sheriff. Then I took charge of a weekly newspaper. It was printed on a hand-press, and one of the duties of the editor-in-chief was to pull off the edition. Mr. President, you probably never pulled a hand-press, and cannot, therefore, know what a labor of love it is. It is a great tax on a highly-strung nervous system. To me it was more than a tax. It was utterly demoralizing. I pulled off one quire and then I resigned. I am fully aware

that public opinion must be moulded; but I cannot mould it on a hand-press at seven dollars a week and find myself. Some one with a more robust physique must do it, and I will sit on the box in which the wood-type is kept and give directions.

I should have made a special effort, Mr. President, to have gotten to the Inauguration Ball if I had possessed a costume in which I could have appeared there entirely at my ease. But the only pair of trousers I possess just now are a bit out of repair, owing to the fact that the soap-box which served as my reserved seat at the grocery-store during the late winter was not cushioned. I called the attention of the grocer to this, and he seemed grieved that I had not spoken of it sooner. He said it would have given him pleasure to have had it upholstered, as he knew how important the seat of a pair of trousers was to a man who had but one pair of trousers to his back.

A man could not move about among the *haut ton* at an Inauguration Ball, and feel entirely at his ease, and converse with the leading minds of his country and the potentates and muc-a-mucs of Europe, and chassay with the beauty and wealth of the congregation, while there was no good, substantial and reliable end to his trousers.

When you looked about over that vast assemblage and missed my face and Queen Anne bald head, you probably wondered why I wasn't there, and I will now frankly confess, Mr. President, that it was not the bad walking so much as the condition of my trousers that kept me away from a full participation in the ceremonies of the joyous occasion.

If you have been a constant reader of the *Howlville Avalanche* and *Jackson County Vindicator*, Mr. President, you are already aware of the prominent part I played in the late campaign, which resulted in our great county, State and national triumph. You already know that when Jake Williamson sulked in his tent, and threatened to bolt the district ticket and run independently for Road Commissioner, I, and only I, won him back to the support of his party,

and thus prevented a disaster that might have imperiled our State. I believe that I am the only man in the county who could have held Mr. Williamson steady at that critical moment.

You are also probably aware that I was secretary of our district meeting which selected delegates to the County Convention that named the delegates to the State Convention which selected the men who voted so enthusiastically for you at Chicago, when your nomination was made unanimous.

Mr. President, I could fill pages in telling you of my great services to my party were I disposed to do so; but I do not want to take up your valuable time. You have, no doubt, familiarized yourself with all these things, and know just who took a prominent part in bringing about your triumphant election. And I trust you have not missed me. I do not want to be missed just at this time. I am standing up, so that when you glance over the congregation you may see me readily.

I would like an office, Mr. President, that doesn't require me to get down to it before half-past eleven, and which I could leave at half-past one, or even a little earlier than that, when I felt like it. The lighter the duties, the better the place will suit me. I want a chair on springs that I can tilt back in, and put my feet on the table, and feel sort of comfortable during office-hours. And, above all else, I want an office with a good easy-running salary attached to it. I will exert myself to draw that salary without any postponement on account of the weather.

I did think at one time, Mr. President, that I might be called upon to fill an exalted position; but I am glad that you have decided otherwise. My modest nature does not crave exaltation and the right to give five-thousand-dollar state-dinners two or three times a year, on an eight-thousand-dollar salary, so much as it does a quiet place in which I can put my feet on the table when I want to. I do not think I could enjoy five-thousand-dollar state-dinners—if I had to pay for them.

My failure in everything I have ever under-

taken in a private way, you will see at a glance, eminently fits me to serve in a public place in good style, and I sincerely hope you will give me the early opportunity to draw some salary under the new flag before my trousers are entirely incapacitated for public service.

A man with a pair of trousers in the condition of mine cannot patiently brook delay, and I hope, therefore, you will act on this application at once, and file it for future reference afterwards.

If you could have forwarded to me in advance enough of my salary to buy me a pair of early spring trousers and a new plug-hat, I would deem it a great favor. I can make my coat hold out.

Hoping that I may be useful to you in bringing about the great reforms you have mapped out, and that you and I can give the people a first-class administration, a yard wide and warranted not to ravel at the edges, I subscribe myself,

Yours for pelf,

JOHN Q. A. HOWLER.

Mr. John Q. A. Howler, of Howlville, is an office-seeker who is disposed to be candid and to keep nothing back, and other office-seekers who are feeling in the same humor have my permission to use the above form for their applications for official place and pelf. It is not copyrighted.

SCOTT WAY.

MR. PACTOLUS WILKINS had been more than usually aggravating in his satires on his wife's culinary ability.

"You mean thing," said Mrs. Wilkins, bursting into tears: "I won't speak another word to you as long as I live."

"Great Heavens!" said Mr. W.: "Tom, run out as quick as you can and tell Slenker to send up two bazooks, a kettle-drum, four parrots, and a steam-calliope at once. Hurry, now."

"And what under the sun do you want with all that foolish stuff?" exclaimed the voluntary mute.

"To get accustomed to the change, my dear," replied Mr. W.: "Doctors say that sudden changes are always fruitful of disease."

"I'll go right home to my mother," said Mrs. W., as she fell in a hysterical paroxysm.—*St. Paul Herald*.

Espencheid, the hatter, is now to the front with so many new styles that we feel sure Spring is here, for the Espencheid Spring Hat brings forth May-flowers. 118 Nassau Street, New York.

W. BAKER & Co.'s BREAKFAST COCOA, costing less than one cent a cup, is the most healthful and invigorating beverage in the world, affording nutriment to the invalid, rest to the wearied brain of the man of business, refreshment to the tired laborer, and a drink greatly relished by our little ones. Its purity and excellence have long rendered Baker's Cocoa the standard, and after more than a century's test, it still remains unsurpassed.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisements or changes of Advertisements on 12th, 13th and 14th pages of PUCK must be handed in on Wednesday before 3 P. M.

Forms of the 15th page are closed Friday at noon.

PATENT COVERS FOR FILING PUCK.

Reduced to Seventy-five Cents.

They are simple, strong and easily used. Preserve the papers perfectly, as no holes are punched through them. Will always lie open, even when full. Allow any paper on file to be taken off without disturbing the rest. By mail to any part of the United States or Canada, \$1.00.

KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
21, 23 & 25 Warren St., N. Y.

A FACT ON THE FACE OF IT.



"GREAT SCOTT! WHAT A RATTILING GOOD TIME I MUST HAVE HAD LAST NIGHT!"

WHEN CHOLERA is expected, it is the part of prudence to prepare for it. Since 1832

Fred. Brown's ESSENCE OF Jamaica Ginger

has proved an admirable preventive against the attacks of Cholera and like Zymotic diseases; and it is also an excellent remedy in its treatment.

AS A PREVENTIVE.

Take a teaspoonful in each tumbler of water used at meals. By adding to the general strength it aids effectively healthy digestion, and thus raises a bulwark against the onsets of disease.

AS A REMEDY.

In large doses (with hot water if possible,) internally. It will stimulate the circulation and cause the skin to act well; and applied on flannel to the stomach it will be found to act promptly as a counter-irritant.

Shun Counterfeits and Imitations.

Remember the Genuine

FREDERICK BROWN'S GINGER

unlike the imitations, has never been claimed to be a specific for all the ills that flesh is heir to—but in most cases it will do good.

Look out for the additional Trade Mark in Red, White and Black.

**FREDERICK BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA.**

G. H. MUMM & CO. CHAMPAGNE.

CORDON ROUGE,
EXTRA DRY AND DRY VERZENAY.

Importation in 1884,
23,967 CASES MORE
than of any other brand.

MISS PARLOA, the cooking expert, says she "makes kisses by beating the whites of six eggs with a Dover beater, and adding a cup of mixed sugar, which she stirs in very carefully." Well, she makes them sweet enough, certainly, which shows that she understands something about the business; but if you haven't plenty of time on hand, young man, and don't want to go through all that apparently needless red tape and circumlocution, when you go into the business of manufacturing kisses, Emma Abbott will be a much more satisfactory partner than Miss Parloa. To make good kisses a girl need not be an authority on Bavarian cream and escalloped oysters, but when she stands on the lower cross-piece her face ought to come at least eight inches above the top of the gate, with the moonlight on one cheek and the shadow on the other; then you know just where to aim, my son. And if you have any doubts about it, send for your old father. You needn't ring; just rattle a stick on the palings and I'll come down.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FIRST TONSORIAL ARTIST—"That man, President Cleveland, will make a good many mistakes, you'll see, now."

Second Tonsorial Artist—"They say he's got plenty of horse-sense, and that's a good thing to have."

"That's all right, but what good does that do a man who don't know what's going on in the world? He can't keep posted. He's got no one to tell him all that happens everywhere."

"And why ain't he?"

"He shaves himself."—*Philadelphia Call.*

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

WILL CURE

HEADACHE, INDIGESTION,
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA,
NERVOUS PROSTRATION,
MALARIA, CHILLS and FEVERS,
TIRED FEELING, GENERAL DEBILITY,
PAIN in the BACK and SIDES,
IMPURE BLOOD, CONSTIPATION,
FEMALE INFIRMITIES,
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,
KIDNEY and LIVER TROUBLES.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.
TAKE NO OTHER.

The Famous English Custard Powder—Produces
DELICIOUS CUSTARD WITHOUT EGGS, at
HALF THE COST AND TROUBLE.

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER
Sold in Boxes at 18 cents,
sufficient for 3 pints, and 36
cents, sufficient for 7 pints.

A GREAT LUXURY. POWDER

Inventors and Manufacturers, ALFRED BIRD & SONS, Birmingham, England. Sold by all grocers.

PASTRY and SWEETS Mailed Free.
EVANS & SHOWELL, Philadelphia, Pa., and 21 Park Place, New York.
Sole Agents for U. S. A., will Mail Free, on receipt of address, "PASTRY & SWEETS," a little work containing Practical Hints and Original Recipes for Tasty Dishes for the Dinner and Supper table. 63

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER PIANOS

ARE AT PRESENT THE MOST POPULAR
AND PREFERRED BY LEADING ARTISTS.

WAREROOMS:
149, 151, 153, 155 East 14th Street, N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.: NO. 209 WABASH AVENUE.

WALTHAM WATCHES.

RICHEST ASSORTMENT OF
Watches and Jewelry
J. B. Schneider
68 Bowery, N. Y. GREAT
REDUCTION
IN PRICE OF
SILVER and GOLD
**WALTHAM
WATCHES.**
LOWEST AND ONE PRICE ONLY.

COLUMBIA
THE POPULAR STEEDS
OF TODAY
COLUMBIA TRICYCLES
FOR LADIES
— AND —
GENTLEMEN
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE
SENT FREE.
THE POPE MFG. CO.
597 WASHINGTON STREET.
BRANCH OFFICES: 67 BOSTON,
12 WARREN ST. NEW YORK, 170 MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, MASS.

DECKER'S BILLIARD AND POOL

Tables, celebrated for fine workmanship, quickness
and durability of cushions. Prices low and terms
easy. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Factory and
WAREROOMS 105 EAST 9th St., N. Y.

FAULTY VIOLINS

can be turned into splendid toned instruments by being re-modelled after Berliner's system of stringing. Endorsed by Prof. Jul. Eichberg, Mr. C. N. Allen and the late DR. LEOPOLD DAMROSCH. Send for pamphlet.

E. BERLINER,

Electrician: American Bell Telephone Company,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Behning Pianos

Over 22,000 Now in Use. Write for Catalogue.
WAREROOMS, 3 W. 14th ST., N. Y.

New Editions of PUCK No. 417, with double-page Cartoon,

"CLEVELAND'S ENTRY INTO WASHINGTON, MARCH 4th, 1885,"

and PUCK No. 418, with double-page Supplement,

"PRESIDENT CLEVELAND AND HIS CABINET,"

have been printed. Copies can be had of all News-dealers, or will be mailed

on receipt of price. Address:

OFFICE OF PUCK,

21-25 Warren Street, N. Y.

Numbers 4, 6, 9, 11, 13, 14, 16, 21, 22, 25, 26, 27,
29, 32, 33, 34, 37, 38, 41, 47, 48, 50, 53, 54, 56, 77, 79,
82, 87, 88, and 371 of English PUCK will be bought at
this office at 10 cents, and number 10 at 50 cents per
copy.

PERENNIAL YOUTH.

Age evidently does not diminish the alert vitality, or fossilize the perceptions of the renowned "Travelers," of Hartford. The more business it gets, and the more overwhelming its superiority to its contemporaries in its special field becomes, the more ready it is to make every possible concession, and widen its sphere of usefulness; instead of reasoning that it has a monopoly and can ignore the public, it uses its strength and resources to enable it to reduce rates, remove restrictions, and extend privileges. Two concessions of the most notable kind have lately been announced: one, that all claims, life or accident, will hereafter be paid without discount, and immediately upon receipt of satisfactory proofs; the second, that all accident policies are non-forfeitable: that is, a policy-holder may change his occupation to one more hazardous, and still receive an equitable proportionate indemnity. It has recently, also, practically abolished its permit system, and allows yearly accident policy-holders to travel or live where they please within civilized limits; has greatly reduced its rates to traveling business men, and some classes even of railroad men, and rarely lets a season pass without some new and important concession. As this company covers the whole continent, insuring over 100,000 men every year, and paying claims on over one-seventh of them, these are matters of more than passing interest.

—Boston Sunday Courier, February 22nd, 1885.

119



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

35

Fine Custom Tailoring

SPRING STYLES
NOW READY.

The Choice of Foreign and Home Manufacture.

Overcoats to order from \$18.00
Suits " " " 20.00
Pants " " " 5.00

Samples and Self-measurement Rules Mailed on Application.

NICOLL, "the Tailor"

Broadway & Ninth St.,
Opposite Stewart's.

139 to 151 Bowery, New York.

CANDY

Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the World, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.

Address

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Piles—Piles—Piles
Cured without knife, powder or salve. No charge until cured. Write for references, Dr. Corkin, 11 E. 29th St.

LAST October Thomas Horner, of Norristown, Pa., shot a dog belonging to Jacob Trimley. The case has just been tried before Judge Boyer. Seventy-five witnesses were subpoenaed, the costs, not including attorneys' fees, amounted to \$402, and they were divided between the defendant and the man who owned the dog, Mr. Horner paying two-thirds of them. Mr. Horner appears to be a liberal sort of man, not at all close and grasping when it comes to paying for a dog, and any time he wants to go a-gunning after some more dogs, one of my neighbors has a howler that I will let Mr. Horner shoot full of holes for \$25, cash down and no questions asked. Come armed with your gun and pocket-book, Thomas. — Brooklyn Eagle.

Startling Mortality from Pneumonia.

Three hundred and eighty-six (386) deaths in New York City during sixteen days from this terrible disease. Pure spirits are universally acknowledged to be one of the greatest assistants to rapid convalescence; in fact, many quick cures are recorded where pure stimulants have been the only remedies employed. DUFFY'S PURE MALT WHISKY is recommended by leading physicians as the best remedy in severe cases of pneumonia, diphtheria, and all pulmonary complaints, as it is absolutely pure and unadulterated, and entirely free from even the least trace of injurious poisons. It is a medicine and beverage combined. One dollar per bottle. Sold by all first-class grocers and druggists.

EDEN MUSÉE.—55 West 23d Street.
Open from 11 to 11. Sundays from 1 to 11. — Wonderful Tableaux and Groups in Wax—Chamber of Horrors—Trip round the World in 600 Stereoscopic Views—Concerts in the Winter Garden every afternoon and evening. Admission to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.



HALFORD
SAUCE.
THE GREAT RELISH.

122



CRANDALL & CO.,
569 Third Avenue,
between 37th and 38th Streets.

Oldest house in the world for the manufacture of Baby Carriages. Newest patterns in rattan, reed and wood. Centennial and other awards. Springs, gearing and work indorsed by J. B. Brewster & Co., of 24th St., Dr. Shady and other physicians as safe and healthful. Catalogue free. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

OPEN EVENINGS. 76

A NEWSPAPER writer, discussing modern education, says he knows a girl whose father gave her every advantage which money could procure in the way of education, "and now she has—or had—a smattering of almost every science, art and accomplishment under the sun, and yet had no real knowledge." This may be true, and yet the girl's education was apparently neglected. If she had been taught roller-skating, crazy patchwork, lawn-tennis, the art of painting a stork standing on one leg on a plaque, and to play the "Maiden's Prayer" on the piano, she would have had enough real knowledge to carry her through this vale of tears. — Norristown Herald.

PLUMBER—"Well, I stopped that leak up at your house."

Coal Merchant—"All right. What's your bill?"

Plumber—"Oh, I'll let you off light. Call it ninety-four dollars."

Coal Merchant—"Very well. I sent that ton of coal up to your house this afternoon. Give me four dollars and we'll call it square. I don't want to be hard on you." — Chicago News.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

J. W. WUPPERMANN, SOLE AGENT.

51 BROADWAY, N. Y.

BOKER'S BITTERS

The Oldest and Best of all
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor.
78 John Street, New York.

PERLE D'OR CHAMPAGNE

Dry and Extra Dry.

178 Duane St., N. Y.

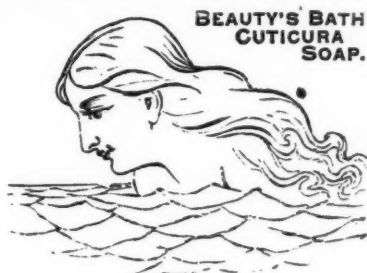


CHAMPLIN'S LIQUID PEARL

FOR BEAUTIFYING THE COMPLEXION.
RAPIDLY REMOVES SUNBURN, TAN, FRECKLES, leaving the skin soft and fair, adds great beauty to the complexion. MEN, PATRONS and all beautiful women use it. ONLY 50 cts. a bottle, worth double that compared with other articles for the same purpose. All Druggists Sell it. Be sure you get the genuine. CHAMPLIN & Co., Prop's, NEWARK, N. Y.

50 Beautiful Motto and Verse Cards with name, 10c., 5 packs and Ring No. 1, or 6 packs and Ring No. 2, 50c. 12 packs for \$1.00 and Both Rings Free to sender of club. This is the best offer ever made by any reliable company. ROYAL CARD CO., Northford, Conn.

114



BEAUTY'S BATH
CUTICURA
SOAP.

TO keep the pores open, the oil-glands and tubes active, and thus furnish an outlet for impurities in the perspiration and blood which cause humiliating blotches, itching humors, blackheads, and minor skin blemishes; to cleanse, whiten, and beautify the skin, remove tan, freckles, sunburn, and oily matter; to keep the hands soft, white, and free from chaps and roughness, prevent contagious skin and scalp diseases, and provide an exquisite skin beautifier and toilet, bath, and nursery sanative, redolent with delicious flower odors and Cuticura healing balsams, is the special duty of the CUTICURA SOAP. CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the great Skin Cures and Beautifiers, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, cure every form of Skin and Blood Disease, from Pimples to Scrofula. S. I. everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1.00. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

PINKEYE.



Remarkable Cure
of a Horse.

I had a valuable horse taken with Pinkeye, resulting in blood-poison. After nine months of doctoring I despaired of a cure. His right hind leg was as large as a man's body, and had on it 40 running sores. I used 15 bottles S. S. S., and all symptoms of the disease disappeared, and there have been no signs of a return.

JAS. L. FLEMING, Augusta, Ga.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.,
or 159 W. 23d St., N. Y.

THE MOST POPULAR IN USE.
Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 333, 161.
FOR SALE BY ALL STATIONERS.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,
Works, Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

BAUS PIANOS

In Use at the Grand Conservatory of Music
PRICES LOW. TERMS EASY.
WAREHOUSES:
26 WEST 23rd STREET, NEW YORK

Arnold,
Constable & Co.
SPRING COSTUMES.

Now in stock our complete Importation
of the latest Paris Novelties in Street,
Carriage, Reception, Evening and Seaside
Costumes; also, a fine assortment of our
own manufacture in the most fashionable
materials, together with a fine line of
Mantles, Wraps, Newmarkets, Jackets, etc.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.

156 New Scrap Pictures and Tennyson's Poems mailed for
10 cents. CAPITOL CARD CO., Hartford, Conn.

A BOSTON paper, says the Philadelphia *Call*, heads its transatlantic news "Cable Clicks," and observes that cable-receiving instruments do not click; they flash, the signal being read in a dark room." If this be so, the proper heading, we suppose, would be Foreign Flashes and Transatlantic Twinklings; that is, for general headings; and for specific ones, such as these: British Brilliances, French Flarings, Germanic Glitterers, Danish Dazzlers, Spanish Sparklers, Russian Radiators, Soudan Scintillations, etc.—*Boston Courier*.

MRS. DUDLEY, who shot Rossa, talks of going on the stage as an actress. If she assumes a rôle which necessitates the shooting of an apple off another actor's head, the latter should dress in a suit of boiler-iron.—*Norristown Herald*.

RICHMOND CIGARETTE
Smokers who are willing to pay a little more for Cigarettes than the price charged for the ordinary trade Cigarettes, will find the RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1 SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

They are made from the brightest, most delicately flavored, and highest cost gold leaf grown in Virginia, and are absolutely without adulteration or drugs.

STRAIGHT CUT No. 1

We use the Genuine French Rice Paper of our own direct importation, which is made especially for us, water marked with the name of the brand—RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT No. 1—on each Cigarette, without which none are genuine. IMITATIONS of this brand have been put on sale, and Cigarette smokers are cautioned that this is the old and original brand, and to observe that each pack-age or box of Richmond Straight Cut Cigarettes bears the signature of

CIGARETTES

ALLEN & GINTER
MANUFACTURERS,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

\$1.00 THE KERNER PEN. \$1.00 and upward.



Awarded the Medal of Excellence by Am. Inst., 1884. It is the only one in the world with the vibratory air-tube, which insures PERFECT ACTION. Be not deceived by the representations of dealers who offer imitations under various names. Ask for the KERNER and see that it is stamped on the barrel, Kerner, pat. July 3, 1883. Warranted unequalled by any \$5 stylographic in the world. Send for circular. For sale by dealers or at the office of THE KERNER STYLOGRAPHIC PEN CO., 25 BOND STREET, N. Y.

RUPTURE

Relieved and cured without the injury trusses inflict by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S method. Office, 251 Broadway, New York. His book, with strong endorsements and photographic likenesses of bad cases before and after cure, mailed for ten cents.

A complete bound edition of PUCK, including the first 416 numbers, for sale. Address,
127 S. H. H., Box 87, New York City.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT

Dr. H. H. KANE, formerly of the DeQuincy Home, now offers a Remedy whereby any one can be cured quickly and painlessly at home. For testimonials and endorsements from eminent medical men. Send stamp to H. H. KANE, 19 East 14th Street, New York.

PUCK'S ALMANAC for 1878, 15 cents.
PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884 and 1885, 25 cents per copy.

PUCK ON WHEELS, No. 1, 1880, No. 3, 1882, No. 4, 1883 and No. 5, 1884, 25 cents per copy.
PICKINGS FROM PUCK,
(First Crop, Twelfth Edition,) 25 cents.

PUCK'S CAMPAIGN SERIES, 1884, \$3.75; by mail, \$4.25.
ALL of the above publications are still in print and will be mailed upon receipt of price. Address

OFFICE OF PUCK,
Nos. 23—25 Warren Street, New York.

TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

**WASHINGTON
LIFE INS. CO.**

W. A. BREWER, Jr., President.

Net assets, December 31, 1883.....\$6,587,879 08
Receipts during the year for
premiums.....\$1,434,332 34
For interest, rents, &c. 341,001 45
1,775,333 79
\$8,363,212 87

Disbursements:
Claims by death.....\$412,620 80
Matured and discounted endow-
ments..... 184 244 20
Surrendered policies, cash divi-
dends and return premiums.... 549,665 57
Annuities..... 3,110 23

Total paid policy holders...\$1,149,640 80
Taxes..... 13,967 60
Commuted Commissions..... 48 277 72
Profit and loss..... 16,185 36
Dividends to Stockholders..... 8,820 00
Expenses, Rent, Commission, Sala-
ries, Postage, Advertising, Medi-
cal Examinations, &c..... 242,473 59
1,479,365 07

Net Assets, Dec. 31, 1884.....\$6,883,847 80

ASSETS.
U. S. and N. Y. city stocks.....\$709,703 42
Bonds and mortgages, being first
liens on Real Estate..... 5,490,800 74
Real Estate..... 522,634 17
Cash on hand in banks and Trust
Co..... 25 378 11
Loans on collateral..... 103 982 37
Agents' balances..... 31,259 99
\$6,883,847 80
Add excess of market value of stocks
over cost..... 15,546 53
Market value real estate in excess of
cost as per Department valuation
Interest accrued..... 7,844 49
Interest due and unpaid..... 62,619 56
Deferred and unpaid premiums less
20 per cent..... 8,763 65
185 261 76

GROSS ASSETS.
December 31, 1884.....\$7,804,903 84

LIABILITIES.
Reserve by N. Y. Standard Com-
pany's valuation.....\$6,328,005 00
Unsettled claims..... 20,407 17
Premiums paid in advance..... 3,302 09
Unpaid dividends to stockholders... 315 00
Unpaid expenses..... 2,704 35
Surplus as regards policy-
holders..... 820,172 23
\$7,304,903 84
Policies issued in 1884..... 2,917
Amount of insurance in 1884..... \$6,898,5 0
Total number of policies in force... 15,043
Total amount insured, with additions
\$33,334,672

W. HAXTUN, Vice-Pres. and Sec'y.
CYRUS MUNN, Ass't Secretary.
E. S. FRENCH, Sup't of Agencies.
I. C. PIERSON, Actuary.
B. W. MCCREADY, M. D., Medical Examiner.
FOSTER & THOMSON, Attorney.

The dividends of THE WASHINGTON are deemed to be the in-
alienable property of the policy-holder, and are applied, at the
option of the insured, in one of several ways:

- 1st. The dividends of THE WASHINGTON may be applied to the payment of the premium.
- 2d. If not so applied, they purchase additional insurance.
- 3d. If used to purchase additional insurance, they are recon-
vertible into cash for their original amount.
- 4th. If the premium be unpaid when due, the whole of the
cash dividend to the credit of a policy is applied to continue the
insurance for the full amount, as so much premium until exhausted.
- 5th. The fact that a policy has dividends to its credit is authority
for this Company, by virtue of the policy contract, to apply their
full cash value to the payment of premiums without written di-
rections from the party insured.
- 6th. A policy in THE WASHINGTON while held by dividends may
be continued without medical reexamination, by payment of the
balance of the premium due.

OFFICE:
21 COURTLANDT STREET,
NEW YORK.

THE DUTY THAT LIES NEAR.

PUCK.—"The new parks are a good thing, Mr. Grace, but suppose we begin by making 'breathing-places' of these dirty streets!"

MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN, LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.